

The Mysterious Ways of Wang Foo By Sidney C. Partridge

The Scroll of Woven Silver

IN the reception room of Dr. Roger Campbell, surgeon to the English Hospital at Ning Po, there hang many scrolls and tablets which have been presented to him by grateful patients whom he has relieved of sickness and disease. The most highly prized of them all is the one which hangs directly over the mantel and bears the inscription in golden characters:

He gives his skill and wisdom
To save the lives of men.

It is a painting on silk, by one of the famous old artists of the early days, and consists of a Chinese landscape, with a venerable white-bearded figure in the foreground and a waterfall and cloudy mountains in the back. Just how it came to be presented to the doctor and just how his skill once saved a human life is one of the most curious and interesting of the many experiences he has had in his eastern life.

The Hongkong Daily Press of a date not so many years ago, contained the following item: "Regrettable Incident in the Colony."

"We are sorry to have to record the killing of a British seaman by some of the mourners in a funeral party yesterday. All the particulars are not yet at hand, but, as far as can be ascertained at present, it seems that Hugh McLean, an able-bodied seaman of H. M. collier Ben Lomond, attempted to cross the funeral procession of our esteemed citizen Mr. Tak Hoy (late compradore of the Ning Po Rice Company), and, stumbling against the carriers of one of the banners, was knocked down and beaten or choked to death before he could be rescued."

"The jinriksha coolie who was pulling him escaped and gave the alarm, and all the parties concerned were apprehended by the police, who are giving the case their careful investigation. Such unfortunate occurrences were not unknown in the early days of the white man's residence here, but it has been many years since anything so serious has happened to disturb our usual friendly relations with our Chinese citizens. We trust that on investigation it will be found that there was some misapprehension on the part of the funeral party and that there was really no intention on their part of inflicting fatal injuries."

"Well, Brownlow," said Inspector Wallace to his assistant, the following evening, as they were going over the case at headquarters, "what have we got so far? You see, it's a little different from a merchant vessel; this was a naval collier and so the officers and sailors on the station are all stirred up about it and swear they'll have justice done and all that sort of thing."

"Yes, old Collins, the skipper, stopped me on Queen's road this morning and said it was one of the most brutal murders he had ever heard of, and, in his opinion, they ought to hang the whole 'funeral gang,' as he called them."

"What did you get out of the riksha man? I suppose, as usual, he was so scared he wouldn't say a word?"

"No, sir, he calmed down all right after we assured him they weren't going to harm him and gave us the story all straight. It was just this way: You see, they were marching along with gongs and firecrackers and all that sort of thing, and about twenty coolies were carrying the big 'long life box' with old Tak Hoy in it, when they reached the cross-road down beyond the Happy Valley. McLean had hired the coolie to pull him all over the island on a kind of spree and he turned up there just as the chaps carrying the silk banner in front of the coffin got there; and, as he cried, 'Get across quick, John,' the coolie tried to pass in front of the box and of course they bumped into each other and then the trouble began. The riksha upset and the banner fell down and then the procession all stopped and they piled on top of the sailor and beat him and yelled all sorts of curses at him—you know how superstitious they are about crossing a funeral—and then, not content with that, they rammed and down his throat and choked him to death. Now that's the plain truth of it, sir. I don't suppose they really intended to kill him, but when they get wild and excited like that they're as bad as the Malays running amuck, and they don't stop to think of the consequences."

"Can you find out exactly who did the choking?"

"You see, sir, we've questioned closely the box-bearers and they all agree—and this is the strangest part of it all, sir—that it was old Tak Hoy's own son. It seems he's a kind of half-witted chap, that's only been down here from the Ning Po country a short time."

"I suppose he felt it his duty to avenge the insult to his dead father, didn't he? That seems to be the Chinese idea."

"That's what they all think, sir."

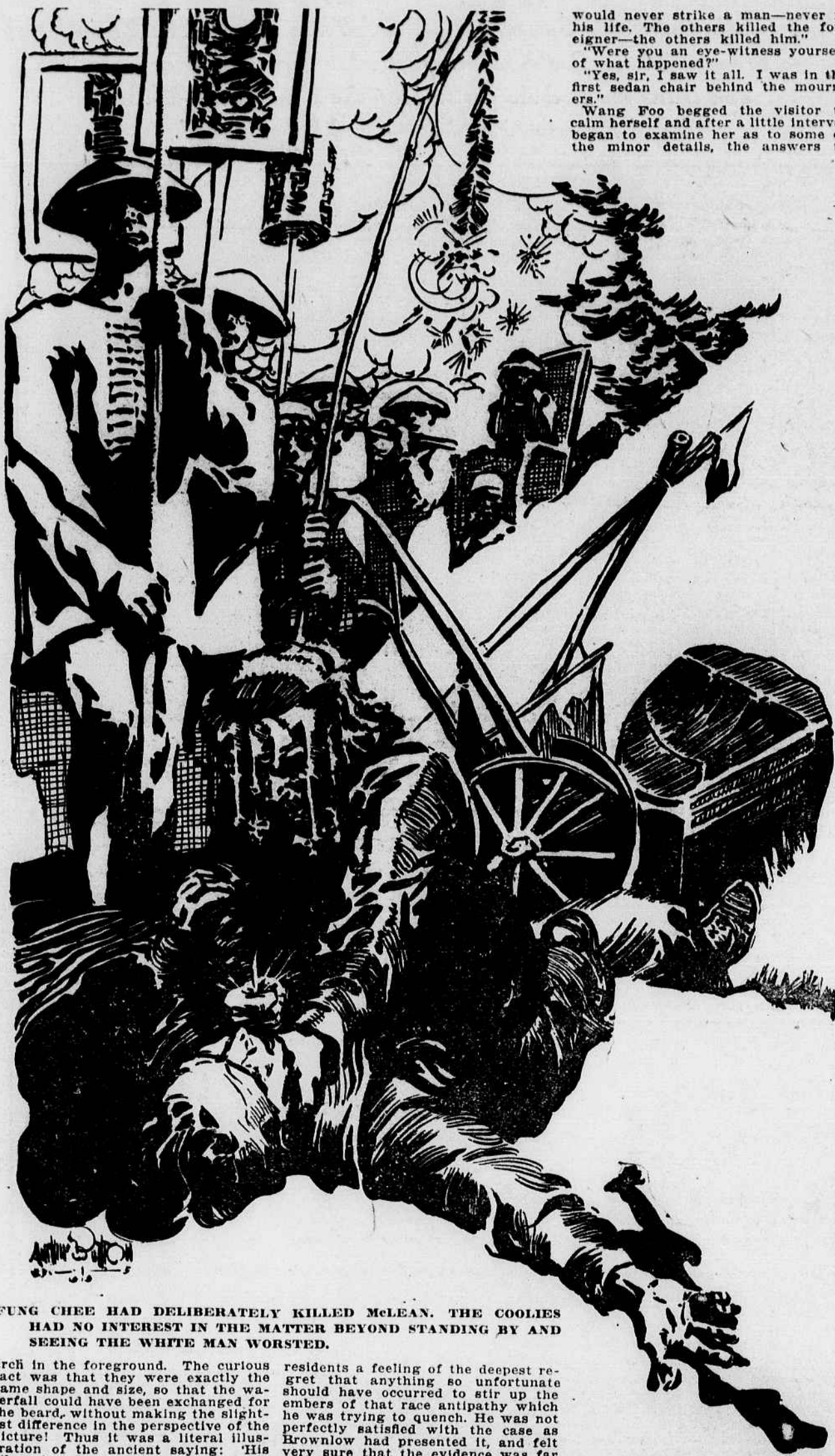
"Have the natives been able to get him yet?"

"They're out after him now, sir. It seems the old women of the family will have him surely before morning."

"See that he's closely locked up when they bring him in, and don't let any of his family or friends see him on any account."

"Right you are, sir," answered the faithful Brownlow.

The Scroll of Woven Silver which had been carried at the funeral of Tak Hoy, the compradore, was, from a Chinese standpoint, a curio of surpassing value. It was not only an original hand painting on silk by the brush of the immortal Liang Lu, the court painter of the Tsing emperors, but it contained something that the native mind and taste especially admired. The waterfall in the background, which appeared at first sight to be a part of the painting, was a piece of exquisitely delicate silver embroidery, and the same was true of the long gray beard of the patri-



FUNG CHEE HAD DELIBERATELY KILLED MCLEAN. THE COOLIES HAD NO INTEREST IN THE MATTER BEYOND STANDING BY AND SEEING THE WHITE MAN WORSTED.

arch in the foreground. The curious fact was that they were exactly the same shape and size, so that the waterfall could have been exchanged for the beard, without making the slightest difference in the perspective of the picture! Thus it was a literal illustration of the ancient saying: "His silver beard is as the falling of the mountain waters." It had been presented to the compradore's family many years before and hung immediately over the central mantel, between the bronze clock and the vase, making the "ornaments three" of a perfectly fitted native reception room.

After the passing away of the aged merchant it had hung in the place of honor over his "long wooden home" (as the receptacle for his mortal remains was euphuistically called) and was admired by the many mourners and sympathizers who came to pay their visits of condolence. It was fitting and proper that it should be carried in the funeral procession when the day fixed by the lucky soothsayer had finally arrived. Suspended from the middle of a handsome teakwood frame, and covered with little streamers of colored silk, it was proudly borne before him by four bearers clad in the regulation garb of sackcloth while the hired mourners and weepers walked behind.

Everything passed off satisfactorily, as far as the admiring crowds on the streets were concerned—and an elaborate funeral is one of the treats of their lives—and the procession had already left the streets of the settlement far behind, when the very unfortunate accident occurred which turned the occasion into another tragedy, and caused an evening of very unpleasant tension in the usual peaceful island of fragrant waters.

Every houseboy and chair coolie on the street was discussing it and the tea-houses were buzzing with excitement, while long processions of the curious ones walked out in single file to the scene of the trouble. The naval authorities, fearing resentment on the part of the marines and sailors, very promptly suspended all shore leave. Some of the European residents were apprehensive of a race riot, but the stern British sense of law and order prevailed and nothing whatever occurred in the nature of an outbreak.

In his little upper room in the Alley of the Red Cloud, Wang Foo, the thoughtful scholar and man of mystery, was thinking it all over and sharing with all his better fellow-

residents a feeling of the deepest regret that anything so unfortunate should have occurred to stir up the embers of that race antipathy which he was trying to quench. He was not perfectly satisfied with the case as Brownlow had presented it, and felt very sure that the evidence was far from satisfactory or complete. To his mind the attempted crossing of the funeral procession was, of course, only the ignorant and innocent act of a sailor, while he quite appreciated the irritation it would cause to the native bearers and mourners. That they should have attacked the white man in their anger he could understand, but the choking him to death with mud and sand was a punishment far more terrible than he had ever heard of in recent years. There must have been some reasons for it in the native mind. The more he thought of it, the more mysterious it seemed. He pondered over it till late at night, repeating to himself the words of Confucius: "To find the root, to find the root," and resolved to call on Inspector Wallace in the morning.

He was just starting out for the office when three bearers deposited a sedan chair in front of his door and the card bearer announced to him that Mr. Tak Hoy's daughter-in-law was awaiting an interview. Old Chang, the gatekeeper, quickly threw back the bolts when he saw a visitor had arrived, and summoned the venerable Old One to receive the lady. He ushered her to the principal seat in the lower room, bowing most respectfully, and repeating the ancient greeting: "Graciously deign to take the higher throne."

The tea and pipes were quickly brought, and after the usual formalities, the object of her visit was introduced. Amid sobs and tears she rehearsed to the famous detective the story of the funeral and of all the unfortunate consequences that followed the encounter with the sailor at the country crossroad.

"I have come to you, sir," she said, "because the foreign policeman tells me that you are very wise and skillful in explaining to them these troubles with our people. They have taken my husband away and put him in the prison, and they will kill him when the month is over. How can I save him? Oh, sir, how can I save him? I know he is innocent. He gets angry sometimes, I know, but he

would never strike a man—never in his life. The others killed the foreigner—the others killed him."

"Were you an eye-witness yourself of what happened?"

"Yes, sir, I saw it all. I was in the first sedan chair behind the mourners."

Wang Foo begged the visitor to calm herself and after a little interval began to examine her as to some of the minor details, the answers to

friends of the family, had no especial interest in the matter beyond standing by and seeing the white man worsted.

It had been absolutely impossible to get anything satisfactory out of Fung Chee himself, and so the law would have to take its course. Murder had been committed and even if the death penalty could not be inflicted, imprisonment for life would probably be the sentence. "And who will act as counsel for the defense?" asked Wang Foo, as the advocate rose to go.

"Mr. John Crowder of the firm of Illingworth & Crowder will have charge of the case for the defendant at the governor's request."

"It couldn't be in better hands."

"Ah, you know him, then?"

"I not only know him, but I have the highest respect for him, as one of the ablest and fairest young barristers in the colony," replied Wang. The crown advocate looked a little disturbed at this remark of the detective, but said nothing, and bidding them a rather formal adieu hurried out to his waiting jinriksha.

John Crowder was certainly to be the lawyer for the defense, but Mr. Wang Foo was, without any question, to be his guide and adviser. They had many and long conferences together during the next few days, but the doors were tightly sealed and neither the crown advocate nor the inspector—much less, the public—knew what was being said and done. In view of the fact that it was an international murder, his excellency Sir Arthur Wayne-Evington had ordered a preliminary hearing at Government House at which the naval and military commanders and the Chinese consul general were to be present, and the date set was exactly fifteen days from the morning of Wang's last interview with the English lawyer. Three entries in the detective's little notebook were underlined with red as being of special importance; first, the very strange remark of Fung Chee to Brownlow, "Him chow chow glass! Him chow chow glass!" which the latter at once interpreted to mean that the criminal's real intention was to have killed his victim with broken glass if he could have gotten it—the most devilish way of destroying life; second, the comment innocently dropped by Surgeon Bradlaw at the inquest that McLean was evidently thrown into an epileptic fit by the overturning of his jinriksha; and, third, the shrieking out of the word, "Yang! Yang!" (Ocean! Ocean!) by the murderer as he forced the clay down his victim's throat—which the coffin-bearers at once interpreted to mean, "Throw him into the sea!" What was the strange and mysterious connection between epilepsy, broken glass and the ocean? This was the problem that presented itself to the mind of Wang as he lay thinking on his bamboo couch, and, to help solve it, he sent Old Chang for the abbot.

"Venerable father," he said, as the old priest from the Temple of the Queen of Heaven entered, "my humble cottage is much honored by your presence. I pray you take the seat of dignity."

"For a long time I have not had the pleasure of your gracious smile; may all the blessings of the Buddhas Three be yours! I am here to serve you—let me know how a humble disciple can assist the learned pupil of the sages."

After the usual ceremonial greetings were over they proceeded to the quiet precincts of the upper chamber and the interview began. They talked long and earnestly and, as even in China two heads are better than one, new light began to dawn upon the problem. They cleared up the mystery of the cry of "Ocean," that that was merely a synonym for "Foreigner" or "Ocean man," and the abbot remembered that in Ning Po it was the word for "sheep" with a slightly different tone. "Him chow chow glass" was (with the exchange of the letter "l" for "r," an attempt to say, "The sheep eats grass." So far so good—the connection between the sheep and grass was clear, but the mystery of the choking with the sand or clay was still unsolved, so, acting on the venerable father's advice, Wang Foo decided to engage passage on the first steamer for Ning Po.

Four days up the China coast and the vessel glided slowly to her wharf amid the rows and rows of junks and cargo boats. The latter—as well as the foreign steamer—were all adorned with large goggle eyes upon their bows, enabling them, according to the native notion, more clearly to see their way in the darkness.

"What for that junk boat have got eyes fore-side?" was the usual foreign inquiry, and the native pidgin answer was always the same:

"No have got eye, how fashion can see? S'pose no can see, how can save what side waklee?"

Our detective selected a room at the "Inn of Tranquil Waters," and after a good night's rest sent in his card in the morning to Dr. Campbell of the English Hospital. He was most graciously received and ere long had deeply interested the surgeon in the mysterious Hongkong murder. What he ascertained from him and what they planned together to save the life of Fung Chee belongs to a later day in the story. Suffice it to say that Dr. Campbell promised to give up his practice for a week and to be on hand in the colony at the time set for the preliminary hearing, while Wang Foo returned on the steamer a few days ahead.

The company had assembled at government house. Sir Arthur was in the judge's chair; on his right sat Rear Admiral O'Connor of his majesty's navy and on his left, Col. the Hon. Lloyd Chatham, in command of the Lancashire Regiment, now garrisoning the colony. The lawyers occupied seats at the green baize table in front of them and places of honor were reserved for the Chinese consul and his suite.

Sir William Beaumont, the crown advocate, opened the case and described all that took place on the fatal day. He read the testimony of the various witnesses taken under oath, and concluded with an appeal for the full penalty of the law, "which, unless duly administered, would endanger the life of every European in his majesty's colony."

John Crowder arose to open for the

defense. There was an impressive silence as all eyes turned toward him.

"Your excellency and gentlemen," he began, "I am proud beyond words to stand here today and plead for the release of an entirely innocent person."

"That remains yet to be proven—"

interrupted the governor.

"It shall be proven, sir, beyond the shadow of a doubt," he continued. "I am not dealing today with the assault upon sailor McLean by the bearers of the banner. That was a small matter, comparatively, and was only an outburst of passion against a supposed insult to the departed. I claim that the same thing would have taken place in England if a Chinese sailor had attempted to break up a funeral procession. People's feelings are the same in this matter all the world over."

"I propose to show, gentlemen, not only that my client is entirely innocent of the charge of murder, but that he was actually trying to save human life at the very moment that he was accused of having tried to destroy it. Dr. Bradlaw of the Hongkong Mission Hospital will be my first witness and will testify that McLean was suffering from an epileptic fit at the time of the accident."

(Dr. Bradlaw being unable to be present at the moment, Mr. Crowder read his testimony to the above effect.) "We have with us today Dr. Campbell of the Ning Po Hospital, who has come all this way out of interest in the case and who will now explain the circumstances to you."

Dr. Campbell arose and addressed the governor:

"Your excellency and gentlemen," he said, "I have often been called upon to explain to my European friends the curious and, to their minds, superstitious ways of this people, which often involve them in serious difficulties with the white man. We have a very interesting instance of this before us today. It is the firm belief of the country people in our province that when a man falls in an epileptic fit his soul has temporarily departed from his body and the soul of the sheep has come in for the while to take its place. In order to preserve the patient's life, it is absolutely necessary that the sheep be fed on grass or hay until the soul returns. This explains why they instantly pluck up the first bunch of grass they can find and force it into the victim's mouth!"

"Fortunately, I happen to remember the prisoner. My hospital books show

that he was treated by me for this very same disease some years ago."

"You are quite positive about the record?" inquired the admiral.

"Perfectly positive, sir."

"Having been a victim of it himself, and having had the 'sheep and grass' treatment applied to himself, he naturally vividly remembered it. Poor, half-witted creature that he is, he saw the sailor fall in the fit and the excitement brought back to him his own experience. He naturally rushed for the first grass or hay he could find and pushed a handful of it into the patient's mouth. Now comes the sad and unfortunate sequel: Being winter time, the grass was withered and in his anxiety to sustain the quivering life, he unconsciously pulled up a quantity of gravel and clay with the roots, and it was this that choked the patient to death! Of course, if a European medical man had been close at hand we could have prevented this in time, but, you see, it was a long distance outside the settlement and he expired before any help could reach him."

The effect of the doctor's testimony, given slowly and consistently, was like magic. The governor conferred for a moment with his colleagues and then arose and addressed the assembly:

"This is a glorious day of triumph, not only for British justice, but equally for British skill and mercy. The life of a native subject has been hanging in the balance and we have come dangerously near to convicting a capital crime an apparently perfectly innocent person. Dr. Campbell, this entire community, both foreign and native, owes you a debt which it is hard to estimate, and which only goes to show how careful we must be in procedures of this kind and how dependent we are upon the intimate knowledge of the Chinese ways which your learned profession and your devoted work have brought you. Inspector Wallace, you will at once release the prisoner and restore him to his family."

"I thank your excellency for these gracious words," replied the doctor, "but the credit for the saving of this man's life belongs not to me, but entirely to your honored fellow citizen, Mr. Wang Foo, whose untiring devotion to the cause of right and truth, and whose trip to Ning Po, were the means of bringing this release about. Give honor to whom honor is due!"

"Mr. Wang," added his excellency, "it is not the first time that this colony has profited by your skillful and unselfish labors in the cause of jus-

tice. We are all deeply grateful to you and I express the feelings of all my colleagues present when I say that we are justly proud of numbering you among our fellow citizens. You have helped us in this and many ways to bring about peace and harmony between foreigner and native and your work today will insure even a better relationship between us than we have ever known before."

The Chinese detective, who had been modestly occupying a seat in the rear of the room, arose and bowed his acknowledgments.

"I have merely tried, your excellency, humbly to carry out the teachings of our Master, who taught the people in days of old to 'Search out the root and find the way to harmony.'"

The family of Tak Hov, the comprador, insisted on presenting the famous Scroll of Woven Silver to the detective.

"No, not to me, but to the foreign doctor," he replied, as with gongs and firecrackers the procession of grateful Chinese bore it to his residence. "You owe this life to him!"

And this is why the scroll now hangs above the doctor's mantel.

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Committee Appointments in the Next Congress

BY JAMES B. MORROW.

It is the custom of Americans to give tariff bills and tariff laws the names of men. The Morrison bill and the Mills bill, the McKinley law and the Dingley law are examples of the practice.

Sometimes two names are hyphenated, as was the case with the so-called Wilson-Gorman law and also with the Payne-Aldrich law. Bills and laws are thus identified for the convenience of their champions, but more particularly, perhaps, to furnish the editors and stumblers on the other side with plainly visible targets at which to shoot.

It was believed that "Gorman" joined to "Wilson" would suggest a monstrosity in legislation and an attempted but impossible unity of two fiercely repellent principles. "Gorman" meaning protection and "Wilson" tariff reform, or, as the republicans charged, free trade.

The double name, then, was an adjective of description as well as an epithet of derision. At a more recent day "Aldrich" was attached to "Payne" in the belief that the combination would excite the passions of the electorate and be a symbol of high tariff, notably on cotton goods, gone mad.

By a command of the Constitution, tariff laws must originate in the House of Representatives. A tariff bill, or any bill, is a bill until it is passed by Congress and signed by the President, whereupon it becomes a law. In the process of legislation a bill is written, debated and put to a vote. First, it must be written. This work, when the bill relates to the tariff, is done by a group of men who are collectively known as the committee on ways and means. The committee in 1876 was composed of eleven men. Its membership now is twenty-three, thirteen of whom are democrats. In the next Congress the thirteen will be republicans.

Always, of course, the committee has a presiding officer and it is the name of this man that is popularly given to the bill, as a bill, and to the law, after it has been enacted. But the chairman of the committee does not write the bill. His political associates on the committee, men of ideas and men of interests, assist in that task and, possibly, may do most of the work. Yet it is known as his bill.

Passed by the House, the bill goes to the Senate, where, under the rules, it is sent to the committee on finance for analysis and amendment. John Sherman was chairman of this committee in 1876. He had eight associates, two of whom were John A. Logan of Illinois and Thomas F. Bayard of Delaware. The committee now has seventeen members, ten of whom are democrats. After March 4, 1919, the ten will be republicans.

Nor does the chairman of the Senate committee do all of the analyzing and amending after the bill comes to that body from the House. Today he is but one man among ten. In Sherman's time, one among seven. Nine republican senators were on the finance committee when the Payne bill passed the House of Representatives. Aldrich was chairman, but on the committee, equal to him in voice and vote, were such men as Burrows of Michigan, Penrose of Pennsylvania, Hale of Maine, Cullom of Illinois, Lodge of Massachusetts, McCumber of North Dakota and Smoot of Utah. All were men and not automatons.

The fashion of naming tariff bills after persons is causing certain republicans some embarrassment at this time. If precedent is followed, Joseph W. Fordney of Saginaw will be chairman of the committee on ways and means in the sixty-sixth Congress and Boies Penrose of Philadelphia will be chairman of the committee on finance in the Senate.

Precedent means the process of seniority. Thus in the course of years a senator or a representative at the tail of a committee will become its head by the death, defeat or resignation of other representatives or senators who were his colleagues when he entered Congress.

Today Mr. Fordney is what is called the ranking republican member of the committee on ways and means and Senator Penrose is ranking republican member on the committee on finance. Mr. Fordney has served in Congress for twenty years and was elected for another term in November. Mr. Penrose entered the Senate in 1897. He has been re-elected three times. His present term will not expire until March 3, 1921.

The republicans purpose, early in the next Congress, to prepare a tariff bill. They interpret the election of

last November as being an order from the country to undertake the task. The bill, as heretofore, will be written by the committee on ways and means. It may be known, therefore, as the Fordney bill. Going to the Senate committee on finance, it will be changed in many respects—such bills always are. Hyphenization will immediately occur, and the bill, as well as the law, if there should be a law, may be defensively and offensively called the Fordney-Penrose act.

Effeminacy cannot be charged against the Pennsylvania senator nor the Michigan representative. Penrose's pastime is shooting grizzly bears. Much of Fordney's life has been spent among loggers with spikes in their boots.

They are gladiatorial characters and protection is the doctrine they cherish the most—cherish not supinely and cautiously, waiting to see out of which quarter the wind may blow, but bravely and vigorously, as though they were cavaliers riding hard and swinging heavy sabers over their heads. Their ears are never cocked forward, like a rabbit's or a fox's, but lay back, as do a lion's or a tiger's.

And so the whole matter of the committees again is to the front. Washington, the same as New York or Beaver Dam, is parochial. The hub invariably is within the parish. A boy exultingly writes home from college that he has been voted into the Purple Spats, the Kit-Cats or some other fraternity. The old folks are proud but mystified. "Sammy," they say, "is making good."

Committees are tremendously important in Washington, although of little real interest anywhere else. Mr. Daggers of the—th district, through his local newspaper organ, lets his constituents know that he has been put on the "great" committee of this or that. Occasionally the committee is "powerful," as described by Mr. Daggers himself, or his journalistic Boswell. "Daggers is forging to the front," exclaim his friends, without knowing exactly what they are talking about.

And Daggers is. Legislation, practically, is done by committees. Thousands of bills in the course of each Congress are submitted by senators and representatives. Many kinds of bills, an ounce of them wise and a ton of them silly. All are sent to committees, which are groups of specialists supposed to have expert knowledge concerning such subjects as the Army and the Navy, the post offices and the agricultural industry, the tariff and the pension policy, the rivers and the harbors, the finances and the public lands, the Indians and the merchant marine and fisheries.

It was discovered, back in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, which began in 1558 and ended in 1603, that legislation by the house of commons could be better done and done more promptly with the aid of committees. The idea was brought to America by the Puritans and spread through the colonies and then through the states as they were organized. All legislative bodies now—local boards of education, city councils and state legislatures—have committees to pass on such matters as may be referred to them.

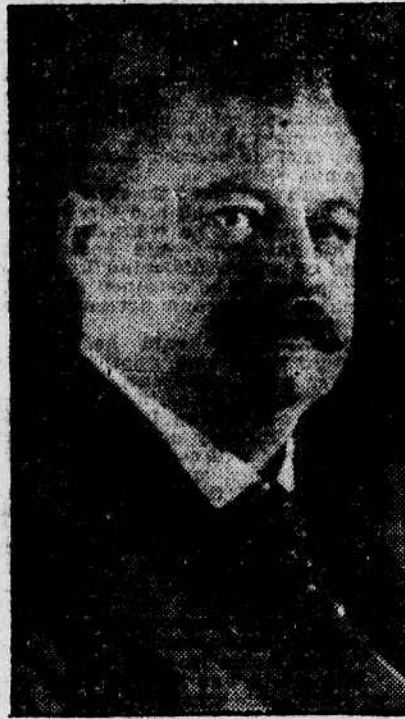
Most of the bills introduced in Congress, going to committees, are never heard of again; they fall through the screen and onto the rubbish heap, either by the action of the chairman themselves or of the members voting in a body. A bill reported back to the House or the Senate and recommended for passage by a committee ordinarily becomes a statute.

Committees, then, are, it might be said, legislation's first instrumentalities. A new lawmaker believes that his influence in Congress and his standing at home will be gauged, pretty largely, by the committee places that he may obtain. If he represents a dominant class, such as workmen or farmers or a business, as, for instance, banking or manufacturing, he desires an appointment to the committee on labor or agriculture, or to the committee on ways and means or commerce.

There are seventy-five committees in the Senate and sixty in the House of Representatives. Each has a chairman. He is the captain of his company. The chairmen as a whole constitute what reasonably can be denominated as the aristocracy of Congress. They have special rooms and an extra number of stenographers and clerks.

And many opportunities for publicity. A public man without publicity would be about as noticeable as a brass band that had neither horns nor drums. The chairman reports back all of his committee's important bills. This he does on his feet and with a speech. The fact is mentioned by the press.

Then he "manages" the passage of the bill, or its defeat, as sometimes happens. This he does standing up,



SENATOR BOIES PENROSE.

for most part, as he addresses his colleagues or replies to their inquiries. He chooses the men who wish to speak on his side of the question and apportions their time, which may vary from an hour to three minutes. This function he performs sitting down and in the manner and atmosphere of a monarch wearing a crown and holding a real scepter in his hand.

Occasionally there is a loud commotion in Washington over what is defined as legislative reform. The word "reform" is employed to give character to the noise and to disguise the motive thereof. It is solemnly asserted by one of the chief actors in the case, and himself a high-placed man at present, that the dethroning of Uncle Joe Cannon in 1910 could have been prevented by a new distribution of four chairmanships.

"The downfall of Uncle Joe as Speaker of the House of Representatives," this man said to the writer of these lines, "was caused by personal ambition and bad manners—the personal ambition of four men in particular who sought to be chairmen of committees, and the way Uncle Joe met their proffers of peace. They immediately turned insurgents."

"Uncle Joe," they shouted, was a tyrant. There could be no legislation, they declared, unless he consented. The Declaration of Independence, they asserted, had become a mockery. "Down with Cannonism!" they cried, "and let the people rule as formerly."

"More than forty republicans joined the rebellion, some through honesty, some through stupidity and some because of personal disappointment, and succeeded, the democrats helping, of course, in taking from the speaker'ship every particle of authority. The whole issue was fraudulent. We begged Uncle Joe to stop the revolution for freedom and righteousness by giving its leaders the chairmanships they demanded, but he replied that he wouldn't be blackjacked in a blind alley; that he would rather die than surrender under the circumstances."

"A game old warrior he was, but his obstinacy—if that is the proper word for his state of mind—turned the Speaker of Congress into an umpire and took from his office all power and left it practically without any more influence than has the Vice President of the United States. The Speakers for sixty years had appointed the committees of the House. Since the revolution of 1910 the committees have been chosen in caucuses held by the members themselves. The autocracy is no more. In its stead there is an oligarchy."

"Power now is vested in the hands of a small and special class. I refer to the committee on rules, consisting of eight democrats and four republicans. The republicans, of course, are simply ornaments and are deprived of both hearing and speech. This governing committee, of which the Speaker cannot be a member, regulates legislation and says which bills shall or shall not be debated and put to a vote, formerly, when a member had a measure that he wished passed he saw the Speaker. Now he must run here and there and interview eight men, and eight are eight times as arrogant and dictatorial as one. And it takes eight times as long to bring them around."

Campaigning for the speakership, when the Speaker appointed the committees, was the briskest biennial

performance in Washington. The candidates opened headquarters, and their lieutenants, each of whom was to get a good chairmanship, snooped around the hotels, and probably met the incoming railroad trains, in their search for newly arrived members whose minds, like fallow fields, were ready for the plow, and whose eyes yearned for light.

There were new men who wished to be on committees, and old men who desired to be transferred from unimportant to important ones. A lawyer, for example, hoped that the newspapers would be enabled to state that he had been advanced, by the brilliancy of his oratory and the profundity of his erudition, from mileage to enrolled bills. It would sound big at home, even if no one understood what it meant.

More than once national doctrines were dragged into the speakership contest. That happened in 1883. John G. Carlisle, a tariff reform democrat, defeated Samuel J. Randall, a protective tariff democrat. There are political medicine men who say that the democratic party on that occasion came to the forks of the road and through Carlisle's election found its true course, and the course that, a year later, led it not past but into the White House. Carlisle was magnanimous enough to offer Randall his choice of chairmanships, and Randall chose appropriations, in which post he served his country well.

Theoretically, of course, Speakers, in creating their committees, thought first of their country and then of their party. In actual practice, however, the intellectual process may have been reversed at times, and in instances an entirely new element may have been introduced, which would have changed the formula of thinking so as to read: First, my own interests; second, either my country or my party; third, ditto.

Speakers did have a habit of remembering the gentlemen who voted for them. Thomas B. Reed, succeeding Carlisle, had fifty-two chairmanships at his disposal. Thirty-nine men got those to which they were entitled by the operation of seniority. Thirteen did not. They had ardently supported William McKinley and violently opposed Reed.

Following somewhat the example of Carlisle, Reed gave his chief competitor the chairmanship he desired, and so William McKinley, as head of the committee on ways and means, had his name attached to a tariff bill and the autumn after its passage the country went democratic and McKinley himself was beaten for reelection in the Canton district. Also Uncle Joe Cannon, out in Illinois, was defeated for the first time in eighteen years.

"Pig Iron" Kelley, as William Darrah Kelley was called by the democrats, the "father of the House," at the time, and a high-tariff man, rooting back to 1854, believed that Reed should have respected seniority and given him the chairmanship of the committee on ways and means. In that event it would have been the Kelley law and not the McKinley law in the campaign of 1890. McKinley, therefore, might have escaped defeat. Carrying the speculation further, he would not have become Governor of Ohio, because he would have still been a member of Congress, and some one else might have been nominated for President in 1896.

Supposedly, party caucuses choose the committees in the Senate. Actually, as in the House, the committees are arranged by a few men, who compose what is termed the committee on committees. There is bound to be leadership, whether acknowledged or not, in any group of birds, animals or human beings; fish, too, probably. If two persons are walking in the woods one of them goes ahead and the other falls back, if not consciously, then unconsciously.

On the whole, seniority controls on Capitol Hill, which means that undesirable or incompetent veterans may rank abler and livelier juniors on the committees to which all belong. The law of seniority, however, is the easiest and most comfortable measure for maintaining harmony in the two households of Congress. It causes dissatisfaction in many instances, but it is not likely to create destructive factions or feuds. What effect it may have on public business is a matter of itself.

The workings of the rule of seniority are glaringly apparent in the cases of Senator Warren of Wyoming and Senator Penrose of Pennsylvania. If the republicans organize the next Senate they will first have to deal with the following situations: Warren, a member of the Senate for twenty-eight years, is the ranking republican member on the committee on agriculture and forestry, on the committee on appropriations, on the committee on public buildings and grounds and of the committee on military affairs.

Penrose, in the Senate since 1897, is the ranking republican member of

the committee on finance, on the committee on naval affairs, on the committee on post offices and post roads and of the committee on expenditures in Department of State.

There is a senator in Congress today, who, standing high on several of the greatest committees, through long service alone, has not attended the meetings of one of the committees for six years. But he tenaciously holds on.

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The "Lost Battalion."

(Continued from First Page.)

confessed that at the start of the war officers and enlisted men had little in common. All this has changed and officers who return from France carry back with them memories that will endure for a lifetime of the self-effacing valor of the American boy in the ranks. Suffering the same hardships and mingling with common dangers, he said, make an officer possess an appealing fondness for "his boys" and feel good and proud at the thought that he is an American.

And in justice it must be recorded that when all pledged to Col. Whittlesey and shouted "For he's a jolly good fellow," the Williams men gave "the hero" a reception he will always remember.

With a wonderfully wistful look, this man, who had seen so much, said simply, "It's fine to be here and see all these friendly faces again." Then he sat down.

Who can say that Whittlesey did not live over again in that short sentence those horrible five days in Argonne forest, seeing men he loved as brothers perish in the hail of German shot, while starvation threatened the whole command with annihilation?

A trace of humor stalks pleasantly here and there in the grim tale of Whittlesey's Argonne forest experience. Before the war some comrades referred to him as a pacifist. In college he was a studious, hump-shouldered chap, and, according to companions, the last man in the world to be selected for a warrior. He was a theorist, a savant and a good pal, they all agreed. They called him "Chick." He took no part in athletics or sports of any description, singularly enough.

However, possessed of a brilliant intellect and studios by nature, Whittlesey had acquired a deep loathing for war. He soon perceived that the present war was intended to forever end war on earth, and into the task of stopping battles and bloodshed forever he threw himself absolutely as a zealot, once America joined in.

He won his commission of a captaincy at the officers' training camp at Plattsburg, and went to Camp Upton. About a year ago he went overseas. Meritorious conduct and efficient work swiftly gained for him his major's commission, and then came the "Lost Battalion" exploit.

Col. Whittlesey is a native of Pittsfield, Conn.

The Glimp of Triumph.

"WOMEN all over the world are getting the vote. Yet they had everything before," said Col. George L. Reeves, the anti-suffrage leader of Jacksonville.

"Woman's position reminds me of a young man and a girl gliding down a sun-dappled stream in Florida. They both were silent and sad. The young man's vacation time was over, and he must go back to the city tomorrow."

"Dearest," he said, "will you float always with me down the stream of life?"

"The same as now?" she murmured.

"The same as now," said he.

"Yes, yes—gladly!" the girl cried. There was a glimpse of triumph in her eyes, for he was rowing, doing all the hard work, while she, reclining on a silken cushion, steered.

Dear Paris.

"PARIS," said a war correspondent, "is today the most expensive city in the world. In a Parisian hotel I paid \$8.50 for a table d'hôte dinner of watery soup, a mouthful of boiled fish, a boiled chicken leg and an apple, with a pint of mediocre wine on the side."

"In the Rue de la Paix one day I met a famous journalist."

"Where are you living now, old man?" I said.

"I'm not living at all," said he. "I'm dying by inches in the Hotel Blanc at the rate of about \$19.75 an inch."